

2712 Glenmore Ave.
Pittsburgh (16) Pa.
26 March 1932

Dear Kirby,

Mac Arthur, military friend of yours, is going to speak at my graduation exercises at the University of Pittsburgh in June.

I don't like the idea. Please advise & suggest possible plan of action.

Frank Vellis

March 28, 1932

My dear Mr. Bruvold:

Your important letter of March 24 is at hand, and I am keenly interested in what you have written. I am taking the liberty of passing along copies of your letter to Roger Baldwin, of the American Civil Liberties Union, and to the Honorable John W. Davis, who was the attorney for Professor Macintosh.

If there is anything specific that you think that I might be able to do, I hope you will let me know, as I am intensely concerned about your case.

Cordially yours,

Mr. G. B. Bruvold
Isle La Motte, Vermont

KP:M

March 31, 1932

Dearest Alma:

I am quite thrilled by what you say concerning your health. It is grand to know that you are picking up steadily. I think you are wise in being so regular in your visits to the doctor. It will be perfectly marvelous if he can put you well on the road to permanent recovery.

✓ We got word last night that Paul Hutchinson has declined our invitation. We are determined to go ahead without him. He felt that the risks were too great and that he had better stay with the permanent job he has with the Christian Century, even though it is more conservative than he likes to see it. Within a day or two I shall be writing you more details about an alternative plan we have in mind.

It seems inevitable that I will be on the road a great deal next year, and I am counting definitely upon your travelling with me a good deal. We can have a grand time together.

Mary and I have been having some grand visits together, and I am more and more pleased with the way she is developing.

It has been ages and ages since I have had a letter from the boy. He certainly is the world's worst letter writer.

APR 2 1932

Winnetka, March 31.

Dear Kirby:

Reiny called up last night, asking for my final answer, so you know by this time what I told him. I am sorry if my delay in making this final decision known to you has added to your difficulties; an unusually mean cold has laid me low this week, so that even today, while I am up and around, I am not venturing downtown. I don't suppose that there is really much to write beside the bare fact of my decision to stay where I am. I think that if any man on earth could put that paper over you are the man; I never could make the cold figures work out in such a way as to give the slightest hope, but I still felt that, with your personality and drive in the equation, there was an element involved that might make the impossible possible. The longer I lived with the idea, however, the more I came to feel that it would be an ill-advised venture for me. You will think I am wrong, and perhaps I am. But every other person to whom I have turned for advice has been either sure I ought not to do it or in grave doubt, generally inclining to the negative. Of course, if I had reached the point where, in my own thought, I had felt an untrammelled impulsion to tackle it, all this advice from others would not have stopped me. But I never did reach that point.

You say that you are going ahead on the strength of the gift you got in Florida. If you do, I wish you luck and I will do what I can to see to it that, so far as the Century is concerned, you get a fair break. But you will forgive me, I know, if I stick in just a word of caution. The plan you have in mind will require your presence on the road almost continuously, and while you can, to an extent, write editorials under those conditions, no weekly can be successfully edited that way. You will have to plan to get some third person in who will be on the job at the editorial desk week in and out for a while; to try to get along without such a person will, I am sure, prove disastrous. I'd suggest you look over this chap at Yale, Harold Fey, who has just come back from Manila, if you do go into this thing.

The one thing I can't do decently in such a letter as this is to tell you how much I appreciate the generosity you have shown toward me. It would have been no trick at all to turn this job down; it is hard to feel that I am turning you down, and Reiny. But not Reiny so much as you. After all, it's just a sideline with Reiny. It would have been a partnership with you, and the kind of partnership that would have been very happy to me. I hope that you won't feel I've come to my decision too lightly, or without taking all these personal as well as the business factors into account.

Ever yours,

Paul

Hutchinson

KIRBY PAGE
347 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK

March 31, 1932

Dearest Alma:

I am quite thrilled by what you say concerning your health. It is grand to know that you are picking up steadily. I think you are wise in being so regular in your visits to the doctor. It will be perfectly marvelous if he can put you well on the road to permanent recovery.

We got word last night that Paul Hutchinson has declined our invitation. We are determined to go ahead without him. He felt that the risks were too great and that he had better stay with the permanent job he has with the Christian Century, even though it is more conservative than he likes to see it. Within a day or two I shall be writing you more details about an alternative plan we have in mind.

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It has been ages and ages since I have had a letter from the boy. He certainly is the world's worst letter writer.

Love and Kisses
Daddy

Y.W.C.A.

THE UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH
PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

1 April 1932

Dear Mr. Page:

General MacArthur has been scheduled to be the speaker at the Pitt Commencement in June. Some of us graduating seniors are very much concerned about the whole matter. Frank Yelling and I are especially upset, and so we are trying to find the most intelligent sort of protest possible. We are convinced that we can get enough information to make valid our main objections, but I should appreciate your suggestions. In addition to graduating in absentia, making it known just why we prefer to do it that way, what do you suggest? We are feeling pressure in other ways; I believe the Administration is genuinely alarmed at some of the student thinking. Today I was prompted to resign from the executive committee of the Pitt Political Convention to be held Apr. 8, 9, & 10; and I shall be protesting about that immediately. (The implications would be difficult to explain briefly.)

One must be very careful about the technique of dealing with conservatives, I know. Sherwood Eddy was in our campus today and he feels about this situation the same way

we do.

We greatly respect your opinion and advice,
and most certainly we count on your cooperation.

Very truly yours,

Margaret Rodgers

P.S. I am very glad to hear from Sherman
Eddy that you approve of an international
economic boycott. It's too bad the pacifists
are splitting on this issue. m.r.

1 Aug 1935

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LIBRARY

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959 Kaysan Avenue
Plainfield, New Jersey
April 2, 1932

Mr. Kirby Page
347 Madison Avenue
New York, N. Y.

My dear Mr. Page:-

In a brief telephone conversation on last Wednesday morning you very kindly offered to consider my question concerning a possible change of vocation. Your willingness to do this for a stranger is sincerely appreciated, for I, of course, am well aware of the multiplicity of

demands upon your time.

The wide experience and association which you have had with the many varied organizations and types of work being done on behalf of international understanding has caused me, after unsuccessful attempts elsewhere, to return to my initial thought of asking for your advice.

Since graduation in 1926 from the College of Wooster, Wooster, Ohio, I have been a Girl Reserve Secretary for

the Y.W.C.A. The first four years were spent in Danville, Illinois. For the last year and a half I have been in Plainfield, New Jersey. Girl Reserve work, as you may know, is group work with an "individual adaptation" emphasis. The clubs are composed of girls between ages of twelve and eighteen. Much of a Girl Reserve Secretary's work is concerned with recruiting and training of volunteer adult leadership and cooperating with

various community organizations. I am absolutely in sympathy with the splendid aims of the Girl Reserve Movement.

I find, however, that my personal interests and desires vocationally are centering more and more upon work with an international emphasis and upon various types of community surveying. I should like to become affiliated with an organization seeking to promote international understanding. The particular phase of work appealing to me

would be that in which I would
get acquainted by personal visit and
survey or via correspondence
with various communities and
organizations in order to give
intelligently adapted program -
planning assistance for
world-outlook programs.

Background experience
from my Girl Reserve work
which would be of use in
this new type of vocation

would be :-

Dealing with people of varied ages individually and in groups.

Adapting programs to personalities.

Discovering leadership and community resources.

General understanding of educational methods.

Familiarity with many types of "character-building" organizations, such as Y.W.C.A., Y.N.C.A., churches, schools, Girl Scouts, vocational guidance movements, etcetera.

Working out administrative

methods, schedule charts, and questionnaires.

General understanding of needs, possibilities, and drawbacks to "world viewpoint" education.

What are the organizations in which exists a combination of work similar to that just outlined; such, for instance, as the Speakers Bureau of the Foreign Policy Association? I know of the latter only through a folder descriptive of that association's work.

What in general would be the requirements, both technical and personal, for such work?

Do you know of any organizations giving opportunity for part-time work and part-time study, or of any offering scholarships to people desiring to prepare more adequately for such work?

I shall not only want but need to resume studying sometime ere long in courses on

Stephen Duggan

International relations, economics,
statistics, etcetera.

Any advice and suggestions
which you can give for establishing
contacts with the right sources
will be most appreciated. In
fairness both to my present
work and the association for
which I am now working
I am naturally eager to learn
possibilities in the preferred
vocation, and as soon as

possible to make definite arrangements for changing to the new work during the approaching summer or fall.

In case you feel that these queries could be more quickly answered by personal interview I shall arrange my schedule to fit your convenience. You may reach me by phone at Plainfield 6-0044. If the telephone is used, I shall

of course expect the charges to be reversed. A letter will reach me at the Y.W.C.A., or at my residence, 959 Kenyon Avenue, Plainfield, New Jersey.

Most sincerely,
Dorothy H. Elliott

Monmouth College

Monmouth, Illinois

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION

MILTON M. MAYNARD, A. M.

MIRIAM DAVIDSON, A. B.

April 4, 1932

Mr. Kirby Page

347 Madison Ave.

New York City

Dear Mr. Page:

I thought that you might be interested in the last chapter of the story of your visit to Monmouth College.

My daughter, Helen, wrote an oration on "Educational Tolerance" with which she won first place in the Illinois State Women's Oratorical Contest. She entered the National Pi Kappa Delta (forensic) Tournament at Tulsa, Oklahoma, last week against a field of forty contestants but was eliminated in the semifinals. She ranked nine at the close of the first three rounds with two firsts and three seconds to her credit.

But the thing that will interest you most is the reactions received from the oration. I dare say that there were some super-patriots? of the type that abound in Monmouth on the board of judges. One of the judges was over-heard to remark in the hall that he thought the people had a right to object to such people (Kirby Page, Sherwood Eddy and Norman ~~Hapgood~~ Thomas) speaking. Helen had cited instances of similar experiences to those in Monmouth last fall where patriots? ~~xxxx~~ had tried to prevent those who present advanced ideas from speaking. She closed her oration with the famous advice of ~~xxxxxxx~~ Gamaliel. She has also given the oration in the college chapel and at the First Baptist church.

If she had an extra copy of the oration, I would send it to you. ~~Yes~~ If you would like to have a copy for publication or for your own files as a reminder of your stay in Monmouth, Helen will be glad to make a copy for you. I should add that one of the judges at Tulsa told her he would like to have a copy of her oration. She expects to send it to him.

I am enjoying ~~xxxxxx~~ thoroly The World Tomorrow. I have also read with delight and thankfulness your National Defense. If I were able, ~~xx~~ I would put a copy into every American home.

Very truly yours,
M. M. Maynard

The University of Chicago

Department of Economics

April 4, 1932

Mr. Kirby Page
World Tomorrow
52 Vanderbilt Ave.
New York City

Dear Kirby:

I am greatly interested in your good letter which I have just received, and much flattered by your desire to have me serve as a co-editor of The World Tomorrow if it should be expanded to a weekly. The work is just the type of thing which I should like to engage in and the terms which you offer of an average of two editorials a week and twelve articles annually for a salary of \$2000 are both adequate and generous.

I am only sorry that I am not going to be here this weekend so that I may talk with you in greater detail about the whole venture. I have, however, telegraphed you as follows:

"Greatly interested in and favorable to your suggestion of April first. Unfortunately, will be in Boston this weekend and will return to Chicago April 12. Letter follows."

I do hope, however, that it will be possible for us to get together in the not distant future and go over plans.

With warmest best wishes,

Faithfully yours,

(signed) Paul H. Douglas

PHD:HEF

April 4, 1932

My dear Miss Elliott:

Your important letter is at hand, and I am keenly interested in what you have written.

The National Council for the Prevention of War, 532 17th Street N.W., Washington, D.C., carries on an extensive campaign of peace activities, and it might be worth your while to get in touch with its secretaries. Professor James T. Shotwell, of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, 405 West 117th Street, New York City, might be able to give you information concerning scholarships. I think I would also get in touch with Mr. Stephen Duggan, 2 West 45th Street, New York City, who has wide contacts in this field.

As you realize, this is not the most opportune moment for finding an opening in a new field, but I hope you will continue your study of international affairs.

Cordially yours,

Miss Dorothy H. Elliott
959 Kenyon Avenue
Plainfield, New Jersey

KP:M

April 4, 1932

My dear Miss Rodgers:

Your important letter is before me. Frank wrote me the other day about General MacArthur's address, and I replied to the effect that I was doubtful of the wisdom of an organized protest.

I am inclined to think that a more effective procedure will be to carry on an extensive campaign of education prior to his coming, so that his brand of poison will be recognized.

I have had so many protests from militarists against my speaking on various occasions that I am reluctant to see pacifists adopt that procedure against their opponents.

I shall be interested to know what you decide to do.

Cordially yours,

Miss Margaret Rodgers
Y. W. C. A.
University of Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

KP:M

(Letter)
(No. 15)

PERA PALACE HOTEL
Constantinople

Constantinople
Finished April 6, 1932

India as an interlude seems irreverent. But so it was,-- a matter of seeing a few people, not of sights. And we did not get to see Tagore -- a matter of deep regret to me. There was no ship going to Calcutta, the train journey would have been a long one, and the hot weather was due at almost any time.

Our ship from Sumatra, the "Marnix," was new and beautiful and so comfortable that Robert would gladly have stayed on her, past Colombo, up to the Mediterranean. Built for the tropics, every fugitive breeze was caught and held, and the beauties of black and white marble and gleams of pale silver in the great open saloons, rested the eye. How stuffy the "Resolute" seemed after that! Yet we were glad to get passage on her to Madras -- two nights and a day -- a cruise ship going around the world. The funny part of it was that she was going east to China and Japan and WE were going west to Europe!

Several hours in Colombo gave me time to lunch with a friend, Miss Faith Parmelee, and buy a sun helmet, while Robert spent his time at the bank, the steamship office, etc. In Madras, friends were at the dock, other friends were waiting for us to stay with them, others sending word that they were coming to dinner. We had forgotten how wonderfully full of color Madras was, and were overjoyed, after the quiet colors of the Dutch East Indies and of China, to see rainbows out walking. Truly, for color and the oriental picturesqueness of the people, no place can surpass it. But such a busy day as it was! Luncheon with the Bishop of Madras and Mrs. Waller, who, remembering our former visit, were friendliness itself. Then I was taken to the Purdah Party at Government House, given by the governor's wife, Lady Beatrix Stanley. No gentlemen are invited to a Purdah Party, women servants serve the refreshments and even pick up the balls for the tennis players, for India ladies are supposed to live in utter seclusion from the masculine world, as you well know - the word purdah means "a curtain." But how are the times changed! I asked how many of these hundred and fifty ladies really were in purdah, and the answer was, not more than fifteen or twenty! Their ways may be changing, but not their clothes. Such beautiful saris, encrusted with gold or silver, and such jewels -- not only diamond and ruby necklaces and bracelets, but diamond nose-rings and drooping anklets on their feet, bare except for a sketch of a scarlet or green sandal. And for some of them with braided hair, recurring rosettes of diamonds in the plaits, while many wore earrings, not only in the lobes but in the tops of their ears also.

We went precisely at four, and all stood at ease under the big trees for some fifteen minutes, then our hostess, together with her sister-in-law, the Countess of Derby, and the wife of the governor's aide, advanced along the red carpet and took her stand upon a rug. In line we approached, giving the cards with our names which had come with our invitations, to the lady-in-waiting, who read the names aloud. Lady Beatrix shook hands, but did not say a word to anyone. In fact, my friend, Mrs. Buck, told me that she was not a social success and was considered rather dull. Then tea and cakes and sherbets at big round tables -- it is astounding to watch the number of cakes and ices these India ladies can consume! I met and talked with many of them. Most of them speak English well. Two other Americans besides myself, and some twenty-five Englishwomen were there. We watched the tennis, rather badly played -- an Indian in her sari and tennis shoes paired with an English lady on each side. Then to a long balustraded terrace where we could watch a polo game

discretely kept in the distance. Finally, just before six, Lady Beatrix departed, and we were all at liberty to leave. Mr. Buck and Robert were waiting in a car outside, and we had a lovely sunset ride, returning along the great beach which is one of the joys of Madras. We stopped for a moment at the big Roman Catholic Church of Mar Thoma to hear the chanting, and our friends pointed out the staircase in the center leading down from the nave to the sands on which the church is built. For the sands are holy, St. Thomas having landed there to convert the Indians, and the touch of the sand is believed to cure all diseases of the skin. If it doesn't, it is because the heart is not pure.

Back to a cheerful little dinner party -- three American couples and one English. Of course we asked eagerly as to the state of affairs in India. From what our friends told us, it was a veritable reign of terror, and Madras was in a ferment. But the arrests had been on such a wholesale scale, the repression so great, that India was stunned and did not know which way to turn. There were not so many shootings on the part of the police, but many beatings with rattan sticks, and the Indians would rather face bullets than be blinded or their faces completely lacerated by these sticks. The censorship is complete, of course. The end cannot fail but be an unhappy one, whether the English stay or go.

Of these problems we asked little in Nagpur. There, in the geographical center of India, is the capital of the Central Provinces. And there we went to visit Mr. and Mrs. Vivian Bose. His father was an Indian Christian, his mother an Englishwoman, and he is the Attorney General for the Central Provinces. She was Irene Mott, the daughter of Dr. John R. Mott, and I have followed her with great interest since she was a lovely young thing at Dobbs and then at Vassar. Now she has been doing village health work in India for some years, and was married a year ago. She is making a very attractive home at small expenditure, out of the big rambling house built by her father-in-law, Sir Bepper Bose, some fifty years ago. Her husband, educated in England, is very English in his ways and manners, rather shy and reserved. His principal hobbies are the growing of roses and photography. We saw a great deal of his law partner and cousin, Mr. Rudra, who was living in a wing of the house while his own was being painted; and there we had the real India. A handsome dark Bengali with a sweet expression and kindly manners, he was intensely nationalist. A cultured man, speaking beautiful English, he had not bothered to teach his wife English, or even Mahrattli, the speech of Nagpur. She was so shy that she would hover outside on the veranda, then quickly withdraw. But one evening they came in together, and how lovely she was! We had great fun that evening, for we got them to show us many of the Indian salutations, such as "taking the dust from your feet" and the different kinds of embraces and salaams. The Rudras belong to the Brahmo-Somaj, or reformed version of Hinduism, so there are no caste difficulties with them. I went into the two villages where Irene is working, with the aid of Gertrude Roy, a very fine type of Christian Bengali, and a young English girl who loves the work.. If only a competent staff of three teachers can be gotten together, Irene can start doing normal work, for there are many Indians eager to come to her for training. But these three must be Christian; she has tried it with girls of the other faiths and they simply have not the constancy or devotion necessary.

The villages, as interpreted by Irene and Gertrude, were deeply interesting. We watched the potter seated at his wheel, and went into the house of the village money-lender and saw his four wives. He can well afford them, for these usurers charge from 24 to 72 per cent a year on loans! Into the house of Sita, the seller of glass bangles, we went -- Sita whom everyone loves, and who had at once arranged a part of her house for a dispensary when

Irene began work there. And many different kinds of people at many different kinds of work, we saw; but the cleanest, neatest part of the village was that where the depressed classes, the pariahs, lived. Astonished, I asked why. "Well, you see they are used to rubbish, and don't mind clearing it away." "But why couldn't the others hire THEM to clear up?" "Oh, well, they don't like to have them around." So "that was that." The village rich man, strangely enough, belonged to the depressed classes, having made a fortune (I forget just how!) by sheer energy and persistence. His home was decorated with Christmas tree ornaments hanging from walls and ceilings, a strange array. Irene and her helpers have been bringing primary education, the knowledge of simple health rules, the planting of tiny gardens and shading vines, and I can't tell you how many other good things, and the people welcome them gladly. The children looked so clean, and had not the prevalent sore eyes or scalp troubles. The agents of the landlord pressed sweetmeats upon us, but we declined.

One day we had in Bombay. Irene's sister-in-law and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Kamal Fyze, met us at the station early that morning -- she in her peach colored sari, he in the most correct English style clothes. Strikingly handsome young people they were. We were taken right to their apartment for breakfast, had a good chat on the veranda overlooking the bay, then I spent the morning with the Fyzees while Robert frantically tried to get visas, passport renewal, etc. I had some errands to do, but in between them I heard much of political affairs, for here was ardent nationalism again. Mrs. Fyze spends all her spare moments working in the Swadeshi shop -- which means "made in India"-- materials, toys, soaps, perfumes, any number of things. It is a bit pathetic and queer in certain ways, for some of the things are so badly made and finished, but they put a lot of work and devotion into it. The young Parsee girls of the wealthiest families saunter down about eleven a.m. and stay until six p.m. to wait on customers -- a regular Junior League affair, only they have never before done anything outside of their own homes.

To our ship in the late afternoon, setting sail for Iraq. Some of you know a good deal about Iraq, some of you have hazy ideas concerning it, and some of you may be saying "Where on earth is it?" If I say Mesopotamia, Aunt Mary will know! For it is in the country of Ur and Babylon and Nineveh; the country of two great rivers, the Tigris and the Euphrates; the country of Abraham when he was young; of Nebuchadnezzar and Belshazzar; and later, the land of the Caliphs and Haroun al Raschid; and later still, of T. E. Lawrence and Gertrude Bell and King Feisal. Persia lies on one side, where Russian influence increases and British decreases and whence no Persian is allowed to emigrate. Arabia is on the other side, where the power of the Wahabis, the Puritans of the desert, grows, and that of their leader, Ibn Sand, until it is feared he will overrun Iraq when the British give up their mandate in a few months.

From Bombay we followed the coast line of a lot of little native states, an English business man dazzling me with accounts of his stays with the maharajahs of several of them. Then Karachi, at the mouth of the Indus, where the great airport for India is -- the planes go to London in four or five days. The Desert of Sind lies back, but a monster dam has been built and just opened, so probably it will stop being a desert now. We drove around and hunted up a mission, where they fed us with tea and cakes, but Karachi seemed a dreary place. Across the Arabian Sea to the Persian Gulf, past the great pearl fisheries of Bahrein; past Bushire on the Persian coast, where no one but the duly accredited might land; and we strained our eyes for sight of a Persian city some two miles away from our anchorage. Past the Anglo-Persian oil town of Abadan; past Muhamerah with its palaces quietly

falling to pieces. For the sheikh (this is our captain's tale, as we stood on the bridge) was so great a sheikh that he would pay no taxes. So the Shah sent word that he was coming to visit him. "You have a nice little yacht in the river," said the Shah, "would it not be nice to have a party, with singing girls and dancing boys?" Delighted, the Sheikh arranged matters. In the middle of the festivities, the sheikh was summoned to the gangway on important business. And there the Persian officers carried him off, and now the Shah enjoys the revenues of his great date groves, and the palace falls. For this is not only the home (hereabouts) of Sinbad the Sailor, but it is where two-thirds of the dates in the world come from. They fringe the Shatt-el-Arab, which is the waterway formed by the flowing together of the Tigris and Euphrates, a broad band about a mile wide on both sides, with the deserts in the background. The palms were very lovely, with bright green grass under the trees, and little water-courses gleaming every few feet. It is the water that is the cause of all the bloody quarrels in the region, the captain told us.

Busra at last, after a week's restful voyage from Bombay. A drive around the streets, with their coffee houses, and glimpses into the dim bazars, tea at the rest-house, and our train for Ur. But not before we had done some leisurely bargaining for silver bangles on the boat with two of the most strikingly beautiful men I have ever seen. They were Sabaeans, followers of John the Baptist, a curious little sect persisting through the ages. And their own art and trade is silver-work. They etch a design, usually of date-palms, camels, little boats, then fill in the lines with black antimony, burnt in. Later, in Baghdad, I got a compact case for myself and a paper knife for Robert from their best-known craftsman, Zahroun, and we think they are lovely. But, "revenons a nos montons" -- in other words, our stop at Ur. SUCH a primitive little rest-house for twenty-four hours! Three whitewashed little bedrooms with rickety iron beds and lumpy mattresses -- one room already taken. So Robert roomed with an old Scotch dominie from Calcutta, I with an American Methodist woman preacher with a most interesting life-story; while another Scotchman and a blonde young Mormon missionary had cots put up in the living-room, which was also the dining-room. A party of four English who came later slept in their automobile, and two big Danish men on the floor! Of course we all had our own bedding in rolls; ours was a relic of the little Indian journey. After breakfast we started for the ruins, two miles away. First to the mud house of the archeological staff. This is connected with the British Museum, which gets a quarter of the "finds," while another quarter goes to the University of Pennsylvania, which subsidizes the work in part, the remaining half belonging to the government, which has its museum at Baghdad. Mr. Rose, a young architect, started around with us. but Mr. Wooley himself, the chief, soon took his place, and a most delightful guide he was. The chief object to be seen is a great pyramidal mound with staircases up the four sides of it -- a ziggurat, they call it. Built not for tombs as the Egyptian ones were, these mounds of brick were for worship. For these Sumerians, (before the time of the Chaldeans, they are the earliest race that we know anything about) are believed to have come from the hills, and therefore erected hills upon which to sacrifice to their gods. At the base, Mr. Wooley showed us where the king's palace had been, from which they took beautiful jewelry of gold and pearls last year; and showed us the levels of several cities, built one upon another. Nearby, we saw a town of the time of Abraham, with fireplaces in rooms, with toilets which were flushed with running water -- the evidence was clear. How much we have to learn over again!

Mrs. Wooley, a charming young Englishwoman in knickerbockers, herself an archeologist, who makes all the drawings, was most cordial, urging us to come

back to tea. But we were such a mixed group, that Robert declined. And we were so tired that we needed a rest, personally. At tea-time I went into the rest-house living-room, and there was the tea set out, two thirsty Scotchmen eyeing it, and the young Mormon fast asleep on his cot, a few feet away. After a moment's hesitation, we sat down to our tea. The others drifted in, but the poor young man when he awoke was marooned in bed, for his suit hung at the foot of his cot!

To Babylon the next morning. The modern town a few miles away is Hillah, on the Euphrates, and the railroad and rest-house are there. There is not so much to see as at Ur, and only an Arab guide with limited English to show it. For the French archeologists have stopped work, and it is their old foreman who shows you around, followed by a pack of small boys trying to sell you spurious antiques. (Oh, yes, Robert got some, for a few pennies, for fun!) In the center of the ruins is a great stone lion with a man prostrate under him -- a most striking object. And on the gates to the temple (or was it a palace?) are clear reliefs of lions and unicorns. It is more beautiful than at Ur, for the palms are nearer. Yet it is a very lonely spot. It was never conquered until Alexander the Great took it, and in order to do so he turned the course of the river so that their water supply was cut off. And then -- he died there, in his camp, of a malignant fever. I could not help wondering if the river had not taken its revenge upon him, the stagnant pools being his undoing.

In Hillah we stopped at an American mission, housed in what they told us was a typical Arab house of the better sort. Built around a court in which were a few palms, all the principal rooms are on the second floor. Latticed windows with much carving, from which the women could see and not be seen, looked out upon the river, which is very picturesque here, well-built houses (for Arab ones!) interspersed with palms, while here, as in Baghdad, the high river banks are the promenade of the town and at sunset are gay and lively places. The treasure of the mission was an Arab baby, a foundling. His mother, a disreputable character, was known, however. Her name was The Grape, so he, because he was not wanted, had been called The Sour Grape, which name has now been changed to Habib, the beloved, by the American ladies.

But I've forgotten to tell you that the site of Kish, the first town built after the flood, was pointed out to us. We were too tired to investigate the place where the Tower of Babel had been, and we were told that it is only a hole in the ground now. The Arabs never made bricks themselves, but used, especially in Hillah and Mosul, the wonderful old ones of Babylon and Nineveh. We had passed in the night the legendary site of the Garden of Eden, at Qurnah, but Dr. Wooley said the flood was a very real occurrence, that the whole region had been terribly flooded, so that the whole known world of these people had been under water, at a very remote date. Our Hillah rest-house was as primitive as the one at Ur, but not so crowded. The man in charge was a silent creature in Arab dress (one man does everything in these places), and his heavy gun lay across a table in the living-room.

Then Baghdad, the city of the caliphs, on the Tigris, where we spent a whole week. For we were very comfortable in the good hotel of the Y.M.C.A., where they gave us a sitting room in addition to our big bedroom. From my balcony I saw the Tigris shining through a grove of palms, and at night the tops of these palms, so near us, were a wonderful fringe to the sky. I've never, though I've been quite a bit in the tropics, sensed the southern night and the soft nearness of the stars so completely as, first, from our balcony at Irene's house, and then in Iraq. And when the moon came out, these

Baghdad nights, it was so bright that we could hardly look at it. "The sun shall not hurt thee by day, nor the moon by night" had a very ^{real} meaning.

The only striking buildings in Baghdad are the mosques and the minarets, and they are LOVELY. For they are a mass of faience in exquisite turquoise blues and in yellows, the beautiful intricate designs in black and white, and there are many of them. You may not enter, for the Arabs are fanatical, and unwary foreigners who do go in are stoned, even killed. Arabs were everywhere, in their white and black kuffiyehs, a three-cornered cotton cloth falling to a point below the shoulders, held in place by a heavy double black cord fitting upon the head like a coronet, the agal. Their loose brown cloaks, or abbas, billowed about them, with a striped silk undergarment. The more Westernized, the white-collar class, wore the usual business suit, but in such odd colors! They especially fancied shades of old rose or dull lavender. On their heads they wear a black felt cap much the shape of a glengarry bonnet, and in the hands of many were the amber rosaries -- not that they prayed with them, these young clerks and salesmen and lawyers and civil service men, but it is a nervous habit, and even when talking busily their fingers are forever turning the beads. There is a large Jewish population here in Baghdad; they do all the banking and money-lending, and like the Assyrian Christians, of whom there are many here, they wear red tarbooshes -- a kind of tall fez. The Moslem women are, in the streets, just bundles of black stuff, with possibly one eye visible.

The only real "sights" of Baghdad are the museums, if you wish to see the objects taken from Nineveh, Babylon, and Ur; the Arch of Ctesiphon; and Khadimein -- both of the latter being some miles away in different directions. The Arch, remnant of an old dynasty of one of Alexander's generals, was, we privately admitted, disappointing. But I, for one, was thrilled by Khadimein, one of the five holy cities of Arabia. Although a special permit was not necessary as at Kerbela and Najaf (where we did not go), still one had to be escorted by a policeman, while the burly Assyrian chauffeur kept closely to us also. To each of the seven gates of the mosque one goes in turn and looks into the great open court. The gates are all beautiful with exquisite Persian tiling with much pink and blue coloring; flowers and miniatures of palaces, as well as arabesques, being a part of the design. Inside one catches sight of fantasies in mirror work and mother-of-pearl and wood carving, and the two great domes onlaid with gold leaf -- not garish but soft in effect. The approaches were through the dim covered-over "souks" or bazaars, or by tortuous streets of an incredible narrowness, the bay windows of the second stories jutting out to a point and leaving rare glimpses of the sky. No modern business suits were to be seen here; it is a pilgrimage place, and from pilgrims do the people make (or rather, extort) their money. From some of the gates the two domes of the tomb of a famous Shia saint are to be seen, in the great court. But the people are evil-looking and the streets are even more squalid than the Chinese ones. Every time I've been in Moslem countries I've been oppressed by the terrible eye-trouble, and Arabia and Algeria are the worst we have yet seen.

We found that Gertrude Bell was still regarded with great respect and admiration, though an Englishwoman told me that her bad manners and rudeness toward her fellow-English made her greatly disliked personally. Col. T. E. Lawrence seemed to have no standing among the English with whom we talked. One man said disgustedly that he was a mere puppet, used to hand out money to the Arab sheikhs, that his reputation had been made by the American journalist Lowell Thomas. Also, that he made such a nuisance of himself when the French government, finding that they couldn't manage King Feisal in Syria, turned him out, that the English government people stole his papers

in an attempt to make him keep quiet. King Feisal I couldn't find much about except that he was amiable and a great gambler. The chief trouble seems to be that he is a Sunni Moslem and the Iraqs are Shias, and their dislike for each other is far more intense than their dislike for Christians. So much for gossip!

We took dinner with our diplomatic head -- I don't know whether he is a minister or not -- Mr. Sloane. Fannie and Matthew will be interested to know that he used to be the principal of De Kovan Hall, the school in Tacoma which Matthew attended, and remembered them both very well. A bachelor, he lives in a lovely big Arabian house overlooking the Tigris, with his young consul and a secretary of legation to keep him company. He promised me fried chicken a la Maryland and corn pudding and ice cream if we'd come to dinner. But the nicest part was sitting in the evening on his second-story veranda looking down and across the river.

We had tea one day with Professor Paul Monroe of Columbia, who had been asked by the Iraq government to make a survey of education for them. We had known him before, but had never met Mrs. Monroe.

I find, on re-reading this, that I've given you no real impression of Baghdad, and I think it is because it cannot be done. Some people say there is nothing to see -- perhaps there isn't if you do not care for the life of a place as distinct from "sights." But in one week we did get something of the "feel" of it. Twice I went to the souks or bazaars, the second time with a friend who spoke the Arabic and knew the ways of Iraq well. It is fascinating to stand and watch the veiled women bargaining for their silks and to see which kinds were popular with them. Most of the shops are simply tiny recesses, raised a foot or more from the street. The long lanes of the souk are roofed over, very high above, with light leaking, as it were, through cracks and holes. No automobiles or carriages, but donkeys and mules and porters with huge burdens -- it is one continual effort not to be knocked over, and to recognize the cry, "Araa, arai," which is meant to warn you. Some of the best shops are reached by dodging through some dark doorway, into a nondescript courtyard and up steep stairs. Then you find a spacious room full of antiques and curios. The section for copper and brass work, if you do not mind a deafening uproar, is one of the most interesting. I bought for sixty cents in our money a little antique coffee pot from which the dealer was drinking his own coffee; he obligingly emptied it, and we gave a small boy two cents for cleaning and polishing it. Indian money, rupees and annas, is still used here; it was introduced by the English in war times.. My friend Miss Strang, who is an American missionary, then asked if I would like to go into one of the nearby villages. So out along the road we went in a swaying arabana, a disreputable looking high victoria, with red or white oilcloth on the seat. Through an opening in the mud walls into a tiny lane some three feet wide. Though she had never been in the place before, her home being down in Hillah, Miss Strang made friends with the first woman we saw. She took us first to see their most prized possession, the little grove of date palms, then back to her own house. A square courtyard, very neat and clean, with some dark rooms behind; a couple of rugs on which some babies lay in the sun. Two square blue and gold stools were hurriedly produced, and the village women, a dozen or more, with numberless small children, squatted or stood around us. We were offered cigarettes and coffee, which we declined, with grace and gentleness. Then one poor woman began telling her troubles. Her first baby died eight years ago, and she had had no other. How her husband said she must go back to her own people. They did not want her; what should she do? I think we must have stayed an hour, and at the end not one child begged for "baksheesh" and the women asked that we should come again.

Ages ago we left Peking. At least it seems that way. I remember finishing a family letter in a cold hotel room in Tientsin. I wondered why the sky looked so sulphureous, and when we ventured out, in spite of a raging wind, at five o'clock, we realized why. The streets were covered with piles of sand, alternated with a glare of ice. A Gobi Desert sand storm and a sleet storm had come together. Two blocks of it were enough. We were waiting to go by ship to Shanghai, but alas, there was no immediate way of reaching the boat, which lay outside the bar. The tender could not go through the ice in the river, the ice-breaker was out of commission, and the winds had made the bar so exposed that the tender couldn't get over it. We might be held there for days! So, despite the warnings from the legation people in Peking, we took a train for Nanking, a 36-hour journey. To be sure, we waited until the train drew in, to find if there was a wagon-lit car on it -- in other words, a modern compartment sleeping car. They run rather haphazardly -- but if you were to see the others! So we had a most comfortable journey, and never laid eyes on a student, though we saw the marks of their vandalism in the broken windows of the big station built by the Germans some years ago, when they were seeking to control the province of Shantung. (We were duly grateful to those Germans for a splendid road-bed.) One morning we went through beautiful mountain country, near which is Yai Shan, the sacred mountain of Confucius. When he climbed it, he was overwhelmed by his sense of the smallness of the world. Bishop Gilman told me just this noon that at frequent street corners in these cities are tablets bearing this inscription: "This stone comes from the holy mountain of Tai Shan; beware all ye devils, and take flight."

Arrived in Nanking, we were met by a manservant of Ginling College bearing a note from Mrs. Thurston, also by the Rev. John G. Magee of our own mission. You can't imagine what a difference it makes to be properly met in China! For, once you go inland, there is no Thomas Cook or American Express; no hotel men, no English-speaking people of any kind, and we, of course, would be helpless. The coolies fight so over your luggage, and the rickshaw men over their fares, that it is a constant warfare, even for those who know the language and the proper rates.

To Mr. Magee's house first, to have a chat with him, see the mission buildings, meet his Christian associate, Mr. -----, and have a cup of tea, over a good coal fire. A charming man, he went through a hard experience in 1927 when he acted as the go-between for the foreigners besieged on Socony Hill, and the Nationalist leaders, with some of whom he was friendly. He helped to save the lives of the Standard Oil people, the Consul, and others, so the Bishop here tells me. His faith in his government friends was further shaken when he saw them make a great beautifully-paved street through the heart of the city, in one gate and out of the opposite one, to the tomb of Sun-Yat-Sen, destroying the houses of the poor on either side for miles, without a cent of compensation. We went that afternoon to the tomb, out upon the Purple Mountain. Built of white marble, there is a wall suggesting the shape of a bell, sloping down the lower mountain side -- the bell symbolizing the awakening of China. The clapper of the bell consists of great marble steps approached by a gateway, interrupted half way by another portal and ending in the tomb itself -- the statues, the tablets of Chinese characters, and tawdry memorial

wreaths. The roofs of the gateways and the tomb are of startlingly bright blue tiles -- blue being the color of the Nationalist or Komingtang party. One hopes against hope that they will weather a little. All the interior space enclosed by the wall is a sloping lawn, with three orderly rows of conifers -- firs, cypresses, I'm not quite sure what -- at the top. A strange place, but impressive in its strangeness. Constant groups of pilgrims.

From there Dr. Wu, the president of Ginling, took us to the Ming Tombs. A simple temple, with soft vermillion walls, long since denuded of its chief treasures, the remarkable part is the long approach over a narrow road guarded by the colossal figures of stone elephants, camels, lions, and kings and priests. There are no houses near, and under a sombre winter sky it seemed like a place utterly remote from time, life, or experience.

The walls of Nanking, like those of Peking, enclose a vast space, much of which is mere farm-land. In their rage for modernism, the leaders of the people some years ago proposed tearing them down, and were only halted by Mr. Henry Murphy, the American architect, who, wishing to preserve them in their great picturesqueness, used as a final argument the fact that they could some day build an automobile road upon the top! But these old city walls have their sinister aspect when you read of the population penned within them, caught between rival armies, massacred, looted, unable to escape from the embrace of their walls.

Ginling College, a Christian college for women, where we spent two nights and days, is a beautiful place. Nestled in a little cove in the hills, remote from the city, it seems an abode of peace. It has a student body of 193, and is registered under the New York Board of Regents, fulfilling all their requirements for the B.A. degree. It is also registered under the Chinese government. And that registration has been a terrible point of controversy in the mission field. For it means Chinese heads to every school or college, voluntary chapel attendance, no enforced study of religion or the Bible -- in fact prohibits such worship and study during the school sessions. Also, it enforces the Sun-Yat-Sen memorial service each Monday morning. Above the platform of an assembly room are hung the two flags of the nation, and between them is a portrait (usually utterly hideous) of Sun-Yat-Sen himself. His will, enunciating his "Three Principles" for China -- ~~XXXXXX~~ nationalism, democracy, and the proper distribution of wealth -- is read, the National Anthem is sung, and the school body bows low in reverence to the hero. The missionaries must accept these conditions, conduct this ceremony, or run the risk of having their schools closed. So far, our own Bishop Graves and one Canadian Bishop are the only ones who have refused; the Canadian schools are closed, and Bishop Graves carries on his work, including the splendid St. John's University, in daily fear of the same fate. The English bishops, the Roman Catholics, and the other Protestant missions have all registered, also our own Bishops Huntington and Roots. I've been in ever so many of these registered schools and colleges now, and have been convinced that they carry on their religious work extremely well. To be sure, their chapel service and Bible classes are outside of school hours, but they are well attended. We have been much impressed by the Chinese heads of some of

these institutions. I had met Dr. Wu of Ginling three years ago in America, when she was first appointed, and was much impressed by her gentle dignity then. She has been very successful, and is a lovely personality. Mrs. Lawrence Thurston, the founder of the college fifteen years ago, was forced out of the presidency three years ago by the government regulations, but continues as adviser. But it is a very difficult position, and one in which many foreigners all over China have found themselves.

One of my mornings at Ginling was most interesting to me, for one of the American faculty, Miss Whitmer, took me out among the nearby farms. First we went to a weaver's home, where the most beautiful black-and-gold and black-and-silver brocades were being woven on a two-story loom. One man sat below with a shuttle, while another over his head, a bit in front of him, stood pushing a bar. It is seasonal work, sometimes eighteen hours of toil. The owner of the loom boards and lodges the men while the work lasts -- they sleep on the floors as best they can. Dirt and disorder all around them. But bowls of clear warm water for them to keep their fingers clean and flexible, stand around. About three looms in that house. I was told that Nanking was noted for its fine silks and big-footed women. In a nearby farm-house I was much interested in the cooking. A fan-shaped cement stove built in a corner, with a tiny bench behind it. The fuel is simply leaves and bits of dry grass, and someone must sit feeding this stuff constantly into the stove. Into the cement top are set great curved iron bowls for the cooking, while above, in behind it, a bit of red paper with gold characters upon it. This house was pleasant looking, but a nearby hut belonging to a woman who had lost her husband, was hardly fit for animals. No window, a hole for the smoke to escape, no visible furniture; just rags and rubbish and some coarse earthenware pots. We had no wish to enter. A tiny district school, where farm children were taught the classics, under no governmental supervision, interested me. Each child when rising to recite, would march up to the teacher and turn his back! Neither teacher nor children seemed in the slightest disturbed by our looking in upon them, and went straight on. The household shrines in these houses and in the shops in these Chinese cities, consists of a square table up against the wall, a scroll picture back of it, a pair of vases, a pair of candlesticks, an incense burner, and often, amusingly enough, a large-sized clock in the centre of all this! Other things are set down on the table quite casually, as a matter of convenience.

At the Nanking University, a committee of flood relief workers put aside their work to explain to us the measures they were taking, and at Wuhu, fifty miles from Nanking, where we spent twenty-four hours in our American Church Mission, we saw great numbers of the refugees. They were living in little shacks made of mattings -- big families in a space the size of a Ford sedan but only three or four feet high. Now that the floods are over, the government is trying to get the people back onto their farms, and it is said that many of the present refugees are people who have fled not from the flood but from the Communists. In one place there is a vast sheet of water which could easily be drained off into the Yangtse, but the people would not cut through the bank because that would affect their luck, or feng-shui. This is one of the most prevalent superstitions. Up in Peking, for instance, when in front of a great gate two stone lions had to be moved so that the place might be graded and paved, there was a terrible outcry. Their luck was preserved by the expedient of blindfolding the eyes of the lions while they were moved. This was a recent occurrence.

We didn't know whether or not to stop off at Wuhu; it all depended upon whether anyone met us in response to our telegram. Just as we were beginning to tire of searching the crowds for the sight of a white face, Mr. Lamphear and Miss Alice Gregg appeared. We walked through the lines of refugee huts, up the hill to our mission, and spent the night in a comfortable old-fashioned high-ceilinged house. Just a little back of the half dozen houses was another compound, where live our Church Sisters of the Transfiguration -- five American and three Chinese Sisters. They were very friendly, and we saw their industrial work, hospital, schools, chapel, and community house. The evening was a pleasant one with four of our missionaries, and the next morning we dressed hurriedly in the dark to go to early service in the Sisters' church at 7:30.

A rickshaw ride through the streets of Wuhu was fascinating, for it is little touched by the foreigners, and in the narrow lanes you see men and women weaving mats, hammering copper and iron, cooking, sewing, etc., etc., and there are no glass windows between you and their entire family life, for they do everything in the one room. You have the safety of your rickshaw perch, but on the other hand, you must look swiftly at everything. You may not walk in many places easily, for fear of collecting a crowd, of having beggars press in upon you, not to mention the too close contacts.

We were rather glad to have passed through Nanking without complications, for history was being busily made. General Kiang Kai Shek had resigned while we were there, yet the students were still making demonstrations, wrecking the foreign office and the party headquarters, and six people were killed -- a policeman and some students, no one seems to know exactly. The girls at Ginling kept their heads and stuck to their work, but it was not easy to risk being called cowards and unpatriotic. Also, everyone was afraid a crowd of students from other cities might come and quarter themselves in the Ginling buildings, as they had in other Nanking colleges. The day we left, however, the government got the situation in hand, the police surrounded the students and got them herded into special trains, upon special steamers, and out of the city, while Nanking parents were bidden to come and take their "children" (oh, ignominy of the word!) home. One thing we do not realize is that this country of age-old respect for scholarship, every boy or girl from kindergarten on up, who is getting an education, is A Student. We think of our own college boys and girls, but the great majority of these boys and girls are from government schools and colleges, where the equipment is bad, the teaching in many cases execrable, the discipline non-existent, and where, Bishop Gilman tells me, no boy or girl is ever dropped for failure to pass examinations! Their ranks are swollen by the students from the many Shanghai schools run (and very badly) by individual Chinese for profit, whose students are, Mrs. Thurston tells me, a much-feared rabble. These students are very apt to be used by the "outs" in politics to upset the "ins," as is suspected in this case.

On this last day of the old year we are again nearing Shanghai. It is six hundred miles up the Great River, the Yangtse, to Hankow, and the journey has taken us, including our visits, two weeks. The cold weather is upon us, and we have spent the fortnight on cold boats, in cold houses, cold streets, bundled in every warm garment

we possess. But we are so glad to have done it! There isn't much to tell about the river, for at this time of year everything is brown and bare. Banks and houses and low hills of soft brown, with here and there a picturesque rocky island crowned with temple buildings. In one stretch a succession of Gibaltars lined the southern bank -- great sleeping lions of rock. Everywhere the junks, the sampans. The boats we foreigners use are British mostly, clean, comfortable, with English officers and engineers, so that one has a feeling of security and well-being. They carry a good deal of freight, and now that the Japanese boats are boycotted these British are doing very well. We soon know all our fellow-passengers. Everyone bows promptly, and conversation soon follows. Going up we had half a dozen youngsters going up river for holidays with their parents. Americans, English, Germans, so there was a good deal of hilarity and some horse-play, abetted by the captain. The sombre figure was a young Russian married woman. She told us how she, with thousands of others, had tramped several thousands of miles from the Altai Mountains across Mongolia -- Cossack officers and their families for the most part -- when the revolution drove them out. The Mongolians were good, and when the weather was such that they could no longer sleep in the fields, they were fed and sheltered in the felt tents, or yurtas, until the children hardly knew what civilized life was like and had to learn it all over again when the foreign settlements of Manchuria or China were reached. Everywhere we meet Russians. Former admirals of their navy are gladly serving on these river boats for half the pay of the English. In Shanghai they contribute much of the good music and dramatics of the foreign settlement, we are told, and quite a number of the women have married English and Americans.

We strolled around the paved streets of Kinkiang for an hour -- shop after shop of china, of all grades, for which it is the great centre. Even the Cantonese willow ware is made here, and sent to Canton for their local decoration and re-firing. I longed to buy some of the vases, but couldn't solve the transportation problem. For we are traveling light: a portmanteau and two suit cases for a month -- all extra stuff left in Shanghai. We entered the big Roman Catholic church, from which a Sunday afternoon congregation was just pouring out. The Roman Catholics have more people than all the Protestant missions combined, for they have been at work in China for centuries. They accept all unwanted babies and bring them up, and marry them to one another; but there are some old families, converted long years ago, of real prestige. But they have not furnished many -- if any -- real leaders or men of influence, and they have made a good deal of trouble by espousing the causes of the converts, legally, whether right or wrong. On the other hand they do many works of mercy, and brave countless dangers in the interior.

Hankow, where we visited Mrs. Roots (the Bishop had to be away at the only time we could get there, hundreds of miles farther up the river), is a modern city and not interesting. Its importance lies in the fact that it is a railway centre and a river junction, also a treaty port with French, American, British and Japanese concessions, where the buildings are all in foreign style. As you know, it was terribly flooded last August, and we saw signs of high water on every wall. A great refugee camp is just outside the city, and

every care is taken to prevent disease. Our Mission people, sadly overworked for these last four or five months, were feeling the strain, and there were many illnesses and ailments among them. Commercial people are apt to tell of the luxury in which the missionaries live, but outside of the comparatively comfortable ways of Shanghai we have so far failed to discover the luxury in China. No heat save an occasional stove, to which you must come very close to feel it; no plumbing; little if any good furniture; very simple food. Their houses must always be ready to take in guests, missionaries in transit, etc., sometimes for months at a time. The only luxury the Roots and Gilmans allow themselves is that of books, which constitute a lending library for all their staff. Mrs. Roots was Elizabeth McCook of Hartford, and was Robert's friend many years ago when he was at Trinity College. General Anson G. McCook, who used to live opposite us in 54th Street, was her uncle. She has four splendid children, three of whom are definitely planning to come out to the mission field. Young Elizabeth is with her mother -- neither of them are strong, Mrs. Roots having almost constant pain from arthritis, and a weak heart. In an upstairs room she had two refugee women making clothes for the flood sufferers, and it was quite fascinating to watch the old European garments, curtains, and old bit of material, being turned into warm cotton-padded clothes of Chinese pattern. Mrs. Roots rebelled at ONE thing -- her sewing women had put a pink satin collar on an orange baby's cape, and that had to be ripped off! A small refugee boy, nicknamed "The Peanut," was busily doing chores. On the day of our arrival Mrs. Roots was about to serve the meringue-covered pudding, when Chinese characters arrested her eye -- a welcome to us. "Arriving in peace," she translated for us. On our departure the legend was "journeying onward happily."

At Wuhu our missionaries had enquired anxiously whether or not we had a Chinese name. But they did not give one -- that remained for Mrs. Roots and Bishop Gilman to furnish. So now our name is "Ba de ke" -- Ba(h) being our surname, as there is no "p" sound in Chinese. The Chinese have such trouble pronouncing our names! As for Robert and me, we can't remember theirs! There are only four hundred surnames in all of China, so you meet endless numbers of Changs and Wangs and Yangs and Lis and Wus, etc., so that unless you remember their first two names you are lost.

There is a boat going tomorrow, and I have told you nothing of Wuchang and our stay with the Gilmans, but as it is bedtime and we must get up at an early hour to go to Seechow tomorrow, I can write no more. We will be starting for Hong Kong in a few days, and from there on everything seems a bit vague until we reach Calcutta some time in February.

Our love to you, one and all. How much we have thought of you at this holiday time, and how we should have loved to be with you!

April 6, 1932

Dear Kevin:

I think you will be thrilled to know that Paul Douglas is willing to become co-editor with Reinie and myself if we are able to finance a weekly. After long conversations with Reinie and Mac, I approached him quite tentatively and unofficially and have just received his reply, a copy of which I enclose.

I had a long talk with Norman yesterday, and he is extremely enthusiastic about Paul Douglas, and was hopeful that we will be able to proceed with the new venture.

We regard Paul Douglas as the foremost economist in the country for our purpose. He is, of course, a far abler person than Paul Hutchinson.

Mac and I had a long talk with Jim Engelbrecht, and he also is enthusiastic about Paul Douglas. We talked with Jim tentatively and unofficially about the possibility of his being able to set aside a definite time each week as an associate editor of the weekly if we are able to carry it forward. We had in mind that he would set aside four or five hours at a fixed period each week for editorial work in the office, editing manuscripts, helping with the dummy, and writing last minute editorials.

Norman, Jim, Reinie, Mac, and I are all enthusiastic about inviting George Albert Coe and Halford E. Luccock to become associate editors with Jim. We would plan to pay them two cents a word for their contributions (editorials and articles), which we would expect to be substantial and regular.

That is to say, the plan we have in mind calls for three editors, an executive editor, three associate editors, and a dozen contributing editors. With that combination, we should be able to put out an extraordinarily useful journal.

Of course, there still remains the basic question as to whether or not the enterprise can be financed. You will be glad to know that I have had an almost perfect response to my plan to visit 25 cities during the latter part of this month and in May. That is to say, during the next seven or eight weeks I will have been able to talk this over with some thirty groups in various cities. By that time, we will know far more than we now do about the possibility of securing adequate support for the new project.

It is obvious that I will be much more effective in making the presentation to these various groups if I am able to say that Paul Douglas

Engelbrecht, Coe, and Luccock are joining forces with us provided the new venture is launched.

We are getting out a publicity folder about the weekly in which we are not committing ourselves to actually starting publication in September, but are saying that we plan to do so if the project seems feasible. Do you see any objection, therefore, to our making a public announcement that these four men will join forces with us if we go ahead?

We are extremely sorry that you have not been around so that we could talk this over face to face. If you are favorable to our issuing a tentative and provisional public announcement, I will be grateful if you will send me a wire as we want to proceed rapidly with the printed matter.

I am getting more and more excited about this whole proposition, and feel increasingly certain that a weekly World Tomorrow could render a very great contribution to the cause to which we are all devoted, and I am prepared to put all my energy behind the new venture.

Affectionately yours,

Mr. John Nevin Sayre
c/o Ralph Frost
Y. M. C. A.
University of Tennessee
Knoxville, Tenn.

KP:ST

SMITH COLLEGE
NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS
DEPARTMENT OF RELIGION AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

April 7th, 1932.

Mr. Kirby Page,
347 Madison Avenue,
New York City.

Dear Kirby,

Macmillan has agreed to publish a book under the title WHY I AM A SOCIALIST. It is to be a symposium by outstanding religious leaders. Among those I am asking to share in making this defense of our faith possible are Sherwood Eddy, John Haynes Holmes, Jerome Davis, etc. Of course I want you.

Each statement should be from five to seven thousand words in length. With the statement should come a brief statement of yourself and a photograph to preface the article.

The statement must be in my hands not later than June 25th.

If you are a member of the Party please include your reasons for joining.

Your help in my 37 course is beyond estimation. I use your books, your pamphlets and The World Tomorrow.

There is not chance of much financial return from this book but if any does come in you will get your share.

Cordially yours,

Ralph

THE WOMAN'S CITY CLUB
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

April 8, 1932.

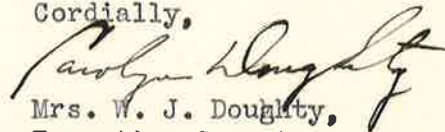
My dear Mr. Page,

On behalf of the Board of Directors I wish to thank you for the copy of your book, "National Defense". I shall place it in our library where our members may have access to it, and I am sure that it will be most helpful and stimulating to everyone who reads it.

May I say that with the possible exception of Dr. T. Z. Koo no one has stimulated the members as much as you did when you were in Kansas City, and I shall always hope that when you are coming this way you will plan to speak to our members.

All good wishes in your work.

Cordially,


Mrs. W. J. Doughty,
Executive Secretary.

COD:RSB

A C A L L T O A C T I O N

A Preliminary Guide to Delegates

I ARRANGEMENTS

DATE - APRIL 8-14, 1932.

PLACE - CHICAGO TRAINING SCHOOL, 4949 INDIANA AVENUE, CHICAGO

HOW TO REACH CHICAGO TRAINING SCHOOL - From the Loop: 1) South Side elevated, either Jackson Park or Englewood line. Get off at 51st, walk one and one half blocks west and one block north. 2) Or take Indiana and 51st Street car, going south, on Wabash Avenue. Off in front of school at 4949 Indiana.

Cars driving from the east: Take 55th Street west to Indiana Avenue, then north to 4949.

From the west and south: Take any main street (95th or 55th) east to Indiana Avenue, thence north to 4949.

From the north: Take either outer drive along lake or Michigan Avenue south to 49th Street, thence to Indiana.

REGISTRATION - Room and board are to be furnished by the Chicago Training School for ten dollars (\$10.00) per person for the entire period. Delegates should, on arrival, register and pay their room and board in advance. Residence in the Training School for the period of the Conference is obligatory for all participating members of the Conference.

Delegates should plan to arrive, complete registration and be located by two o'clock, to be in ample time for the first session, which opens at three o'clock on Friday, April 8. Registration may take place through Friday forenoon up to 2:00 o'clock Friday afternoon.

No double rooms are available. All rooms are equipped with single cots.

Meal times are as follows: Breakfast - 7:15 A.M.; Lunch - 12:25 P.M.; Dinner - 6:15 P.M.

POOLING EXPENSE - A committee will be appointed early in the Conference to work out the details of the pooling arrangement. Careful record should be kept by the delegates of their expenditures. Those coming by automobile should keep a record of expenditures for gasoline and oil; 40¢ per meal while enroute to the Conference may be added and made a part of the general expense to be pooled. No expense for hotel accommodation while en route will be allowed, nor any expense for Pullman.

Every effort is being made to keep the pooled expense down to a minimum.

II.
PROGRAM OUTLINE

1. OPENING SESSION: The first session of the Conference will open at three o'clock on Friday afternoon, April 8, closing at five o'clock. It is HIGHLY IMPORTANT that every member of the Conference be present on time for the opening session. It is proposed that the doors be closed at three o'clock in order that this two hour session may be unbroken by interruptions of late comers. The direction of the Conference will largely be determined by this first session.

2. PROCEDURE: The method of conducting the Conference will be that of group thinking in contrast to parliamentary procedure. It is not expected that reliance will be placed upon majority vote. Rather it is to be a creative process in which the group will search together for the best and most Christian solutions of the problems faced.

Resource men have been secured who will share with us their experience and knowledge on the various aspects of the problems discussed. But they will not come with set addresses to be presented apart from the continuous process of thinking as a group.

Since the seven day Conference is planned as a unit, with a continuity of thought, it is highly important that all delegates be present uninterruptedly from the first session to the last.

3. RESOURCE MEN: The following is a partial list of the resource men who have accepted our invitation to share with us at various points of the Conference:

J. Stitt Wilson, Berkeley, California. For many years lecturer to college student groups in America; formerly mayor of Berkeley.

Kirby Page, New York City. Editor of The World Tomorrow.

Walter E. Bundy, Greencastle, Indiana. Professor, De Pauw University, Department of English Bible.

Clarence Tucker Craig, Oberlin, Ohio. Professor of Bible in Oberlin College.

Karl Borders, Chicago, Illinois. Chicago Secretary, League for Industrial Democracy.

David Schillinglaw, Chicago, Illinois. Representative of Forgan, Gray & Co., Investment Bankers.

William Clayton Bower, Chicago, Illinois. Professor, University of Chicago, Divinity School.

Paul Hutchinson, Chicago. Managing Editor, The Christian Century.

C. M. Mc Connell, Boston, Massachusetts. Professor, Boston University, School of Theology.

TENTATIVE DAY BY DAY OUTLINE OF THE PROGRAM

It is expected that the program of the Conference will be flexible and elastic. The following day-by-day outline is a tentative proposal. At any point the actual developments of the Conference will determine procedure.

PURPOSE: As outlined originally, the purpose of the Conference is as follows:

To confront the grave economic and spiritual needs of our times;
To evolve a message, a movement and an evangelism adequate for these needs.

The present world-wide economic distress is revealing, as never before, the inherent inequity and the basic wrongs of our whole industrial system. Not only are the peoples of the world suffering unparalleled physical and economic distress, but all the high moral and spiritual values of our common humanity are being ruthlessly invaded and jeopardized by the fundamental economic injustice.

There even appear threatening symptoms of chaos and collapse as these evils become aggravated, and our political guides and economic masters stand helpless and impotent. Intelligent observers in all countries feel that we are in a very crucial hour, which is no passing episode, but an hour of great world change. We stand in one of the great Judgment Days of history.

Such an hour constitutes a supreme challenge to the church of Christ:

To read clearly the signs of the times; to discover and follow the highest quality of individual spiritual experience demanded by such a human emergency; to inspire and lead in that constructive Christian statesmanship that will finally deliver the people from the terrible economic wrongs and injustices which they have suffered so long; and to establish human society on a basis of justice and liberty and human brotherhood.

A deep religious movement and a militant evangelism directed to these high, imperious goals of the Kingdom of God have been too long delayed. The church should no longer lag in leading the people into a new industrial order based on economic justice. No time should be lost in the creation of an intelligent, constructive spiritually empowered movement within the church adequate to create the new social conscience and that vigorous public opinion throughout the nation that shall save us from the impending tragedies that our economic wrongs must inevitably precipitate. To these sacred ends this Conference for Action is now called.

OBJECTIVES OF THE CONFERENCE

1. To face the spiritual, moral, and economic needs of humanity confronting us in the present world economic crisis.
2. To rediscover the heights and depths of the meaning and significance of the mind of Christ for this world need.
3. To examine the economic and political proposals in the field and to discover and evolve those which best express the mind of Christ.
4. To study and adopt that way of life which most fully and adequately expresses his mind to us as individuals.
5. To lay plans for an immediate, aggressive and militant crusade to carry this gospel into action in the church and in society.

FRIDAY, APRIL 8: Registration morning and afternoon, up to 2:00 P.M.
Opening Discussion 3:00 to 5:00 P.M.
Chairman, Gilbert Cox
Discussion leader, Harold C. Case

OBJECTIVE NO. 1 To face the spiritual, moral and economic needs of humanity confronting us in the present world economic crisis.

DISCUSSION: I. STATEMENTS BY MEMBERS OF THE CONFERENCE ON PERSONAL EXPERIENCES AND SITUATIONS IN THEIR CHURCHES.

THIS SESSION SHOULD FURNISH AN OPPORTUNITY FOR MEMBERS OF THE CONFERENCE TO OUTLINE THE GREAT ISSUES THAT CONFRONT THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH TODAY, AND THE EXTENT TO WHICH THEY ARE BEING FACED IN ANY ADEQUATE FASHION. IT IS THOUGHT THAT IF EACH PERSON HAS AN OPPORTUNITY TO THINK OUT PROBLEMS IN THE LIGHT OF HIS OWN EXPERIENCE AND TO PREPARE TO GIVE A BRIEF STATEMENT TO THE CONFERENCE IN ITS OPENING SESSION THAT IT WILL ENABLE THE GROUP TO FIND ITSELF AND START ON ITS EXPERIENCE TOGETHER.

These statements are to be brief and specific, with opportunity for participation on the part of as many members of the Conference as time permits.

1. What experiences have we undergone that make the present crisis real to us? (To what extent are these experiences common to all members of the group?)
2. What are the situations experienced by members of our churches? (How many are unemployed? How many have suffered privation because: a. Of bank failures? b. Loss of income in other ways?)
3. What are the situations experienced by other groups in the community? (a. Common laborers; b. Skilled workers; c. Office workers, store employees, and other salaried workers; d. Teachers and other professional persons.)
4. To what extent are relief agencies meeting the situation in temporary aid? What are the churches doing toward meeting the situation and supplementing the relief agencies?
5. What other than these which have been mentioned, are the real Christian issues of our day?
6. Are the churches really facing these issues? If not, why not?
7. Are the pastors facing them in their preaching? In what other ways? Why are we not facing them more effectively? Do we lack information? Courage? Do we have theories far beyond our conduct?
8. Are the laymen in their thinking and their practices facing the issues? How? If not, why not? What are the most frequent reasons for evading the real problems of the day? Are laymen afraid of a changing social order? Are they aware of the precarious basis of society? Are they interested in progress? How may a cooperative venture be launched in which ministers and laymen cooperate in efforts to do really constructive things together?

9. How are churches facing issues in their communities, and in their world?
Are they ready to lead?

10. What issues are the most pressing? What issues are we best equipped
to deal with?

FRIDAY 7-30 -- 8:15 P. M. Interpretation, J. Stitt Wilson

Chairman, Blaine E. Kirkpatrick.

An analysis of the statements made during the afternoon, indicating their deeper significance. An interpretation of its bearing upon the moral and spiritual well being of mankind. A critique as to the extent to which the Church is fulfilling its function in serving the present age. Our obligation to bring our churches to a more vital and constructive facing of the real issues.

8:15 - 9:15 Discussion

9:15 - 9:45 Worship service, "The Man with the Hoe". John Irwin.

SATURDAY, April 9, 8:30 A.M. - 12:30 P. M.

FURTHER CRITICAL ANALYSIS OF THE PRESENT WORLD SITUATION - Address by Kirby Page, followed by questions and discussion.

2:00 P. M. Continuation of discussion of the present situation.

During these two sessions a classification of the issues to be faced should be worked out, and the Conference should organize itself into interest groups for intensive study of these issues. The following are suggested as purely tentative, for thought and study of the members preceding the Conference.

I. Economic insecurity and Unemployment.

1. What are the facts about unemployment in the United States? What is the usual unemployment rate? What is the present extent of unemployment?
2. Why are millions of persons who want work unable to find jobs? What are the basic causes?
3. Is unemployment on a large scale inevitable in an industrial society? Is it inherent in certain types of social organization?
4. Wherein is unemployment a moral and religious problem?
5. What are the abiding social effects of a period of general unemployment?
6. To what extent has unemployment resulted in lowering of wages and change of working conditions? What has happened to the labor movement as a result of the present situation? What is happening to civil liberties in this struggle?
7. Should unemployment insurance be required until such time as unemployment can be prevented? Should old age insurance be required?
8. What plan of social insurance is to be preferred?

II. MANAGEMENT AND CONTROL OF INDUSTRY.

1. How far has the movement for industrial democracy advanced? What are the facts as to the control of the processes of industry? What share have the workers in determination of policy?
2. Is share distribution to employees and customers a step in the direction of industrial democracy or is it simply a clever flank attack of financial autocrats?
3. What are specific things to be done in furthering industrial democracy?

III. DISTRIBUTION OF NECESSITIES AND COMFORTS OF LIVING

1. What are the facts concerning present distribution of income in the United States?
 - (1) As between workers and owners of property?
 - (2) As between agriculturists and manufacturers?
 - (3) As between low and high income groups?
 - (4) As between racial and national groups?
 - (5) Distribution of property among property owners?
2. What constitutes unearned income?
3. Should private initiative be permitted to retain control of the natural resources of the country - coal, oil, lumber, water power, etc.
4. What are the facts concerning production and distribution of food products? (For 1800 years China has had on the average of a famine every year in some area.)
 - (1) As to spread between price received by producer and paid by consumer?
 - (2) As to proportion going to producer, to transportation, and to middlemen?
 - (3) As to waste of food?
 - (4) As to under-consumption of food?
5. What are the facts concerning ownership and tenancy?
 - (1) Of homes?
 - (2) Of farm property?
6. To what extent have producers' cooperatives been developed? Consumers' cooperatives?
7. What are the facts concerning the housing of wage earners?
8. What is the Church doing to help in these situations? What is the function of the church?
9. What can be done -
 - (1) In the direction of more equitable distribution of income and wealth?
 - (2) Toward improving distribution?
 - (3) In improving housing and living conditions? For urban residents? For rural residents?

10. The Banking system -

- (1) What is the fundamental nature of the banking system?
- (2) The nature and function of money?
- (3) Who should have the right to issue money?
- (4) Is interest legitimate, or is it a violation of a fundamental law?
- (5) Should the banking system be permitted to be owned and operated by individuals for profit?
- (6) To what extent has the system of banking in America broken down, or run its course?
- (7) What are the facts about bank failures? The causes?
- (8) What are the reasons behind the present vast indebtedness of the American people to the banks? (We owe the banks forty-seven billions of dollars)
- (9) What solutions are being proposed for the banking problem?

IV. RACIAL ISSUES

1. What are the facts about the race situation?

- (1) To what extent is there discrimination racially?
- (2) How does this affect the social, political, industrial, and moral welfare of the Negro and other races?
- (3) What attitudes are developing among racial groups which have been the object of discrimination?
- (4) What do these attitudes portend for the future?
- (5) How far is racial discrimination used for economic exploitation?

2. What is being done to meet the race problem?

- (1) What are those groups doing of their own account?
- (2) What is being done by political means?
- (3) What by informal groups?
- (4) What is the Church doing?
- (5) Should the church attempt to go beyond other groups?
- (6) Should we seek to eliminate all racial discrimination first from the church and then from society? Can we expect the church to eradicate discrimination within her own affairs?

V. POLITICAL ISSUES

1. What are the facts about the present political situation?

- (1) To what extent are the old parties making the wet-dry issue a camouflage for ignoring other social and economic issues?
- (2) Is there any difference between the two old parties so far as any vital issue is concerned?
- (3) Do we have two-party government in America?
- (4) To what extent are the political parties controlled by their own leaders, and to what extent by those who are in control of the economic power of the land?
- (5) What hope is there of reforming either of the two old parties to gain just representation of the rights of the people?
- (6) To what extent can party platforms be taken at face value?

2. To what extent may we look to political parties action for social change?
 - (1) Is there any hope that we can effect governmental changes that will eliminate economic wrongs?
 - (2) What agencies, politically speaking, provide any hope for this?
 - (3) To what extent do the fundamental principles of the existing political parties make possible any far-reaching reformation of social life?
 - (4) What should the church do about the use of political channels for the accomplishment of social change?
 - (5) Should preachers identify themselves with any particular party, or group of people who are seeking to effect social change?

VI. INTERNATIONAL ISSUES.

1. In what ways are the nations more interdependent today than ever before?
2. What are the evils of nationalism?
3. What are the roots of modern war? What is the relation between economic forces and war?
4. What forces are at work toward the making of a peaceful world?
5. What can the League of Nations do? Can the League be made an effective agency of international cooperation and world peace?
6. What other machinery of peace is needed?
7. What is the responsibility of the church for world peace?

VII. BASIC PHILOSOPHIC ISSUES.

1. To what extent are the issues named above the outgrowth of philosophic and scientific forces?
2. What are the philosophic trends chiefly responsible?
3. What part has science had in producing these conditions?
4. What has been the influence of education?
5. What is the function of the Christian religion in respect to these basic issues?

SATURDAY EVENING, 7:30 - 9:30 P.M. First Session of Investigation Groups.

SUNDAY, APRIL 10 - 9:00 A.M.

OBJECTIVE II: TO REDISCOVER THE HEIGHTS AND DEPTHS OF THE MEANING AND SIGNIFICANCE OF THE MIND OF CHRIST FOR THIS WORLD NEED

Paper by Walter E. Bundy: "What Has Radical Criticism Left Us of Jesus?"
Evaluation of paper and discussion led by Clarence Tucker Craig.
Period of Worship.

2:30 P.M. - Paper by Walter E. Bundy - "Recovery of the Social Message of Jesus."

Evaluation and discussion led by Clarence Tucker Craig.

7:30 P.M. - Second session of Investigation Groups.

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MONDAY, APRIL 11, - 8:30 A. M. - 12:30 P.M.

2:00 P.M. - 5:00 P.M.

OBJECTIVE III: TO EXAMINE THE ECONOMIC AND POLITICAL PROPOSALS IN THE FIELD AND TO DISCOVER AND EVOLVE THOSE WHICH BEST EXPRESS THE MIND OF CHRIST.

Resource Men: David S chillinglaw, Karl Borders, Clarence Senior, Paul Hutchinson, C. M. Mc Connell and others.

During these two sessions a classification of proposals should be worked out. The following are presented as tentative for preliminary thought and study.

I. CAPITALISM

1. What are the basic principles of the capitalistic system?
2. Can we refer to capitalism as "a system"?
3. What are leaders of the capitalist system proposing as a means of adjustment?
4. Wherein is the present crisis due to the evils of capitlism, and to what extent is it merely the depravity of human nature?
5. Can we say that capitalism is inherently inhuman and unChristian, or is it capable of being reformed without challenging its basic principles?
6. To what extent are violence and strife inherent in the system?

II. THE NEWER CAPITALISM

1. How do the basic principles of the Newer Capitalism differ from Capitalism as we have known it to the present?
2. What specific proposals are made by the newer capitalism?
3. What progress is being made in the direction of their adoption?
4. What changes in conditions may be expected as a result?

III. SOCIALISM

1. What is socialism?
2. Wherein does it differ from capitalism?
3. Where has it been tried and with what results? What has it accomplished in Great Britain? In Germany? Elsewhere?

4. What place is there in a socialistic system for individual initiative and genius?
5. Wherein is socialism subject to the same weaknesses as capitalism?
6. How can socialism be achieved?
7. Is socialism possible without a violent revolution?
8. Would socialism be possible without a change in the basic structure of our constitution?

IV. COMMUNISM

1. What does communism propose?
2. Is communism different from socialism? How?
3. Is there any place for the essential rights of the individual in communism?
4. Where has communism been tried and with what results?
5. What is the situation in Russia today?
6. In what way does the dictatorship of the proletariat differ from the dictatorship of the capitalist in other countries?
7. What is the attitude of communism regarding the use of force? In what respect does it differ from capitalism at this point?
8. What chance has communism of effecting a violent revolution in America?

V. WHAT ATTITUDE SHALL WE AS CHURCHMEN AND MINISTERS TAKE REGARDING THESE VARIOUS PROPOSALS?

1. Shall the church or minister take sides in any conflict of social and economic policies?
 - (1) Is the church here rather to minister to the personal needs of people than to participate in political reforms?
 - (2) To what extent can the church afford to back any political group?
 - (3) What other avenues are open to us to effect social change?
 - (4) Are all economic proposals concerned merely with "material" needs, and hence not of basic concern to the church?
2. If we as individuals, or as a group, should decide to throw our strength on the side of one of the above economic proposals, how shall we go about it?
 - (1) What examples have we of the part played by ministers and the church in other similar struggles?
 - (2) Is there any peculiar function of the church and the ministry in this social struggle?

MONDAY, APRIL 11, 7:00 - 9:45 P.M. Further work by Investigation Groups.

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TUESDAY, April 12, 8:30 A.M. - 12:15 P.M.
2:00 P.M. - 5:00 P.M.

OBJECTIVE IV. TO STUDY AND ADOPT THAT WAY OF LIFE WHICH MOST FULLY
AND ADEQUATELY EXPRESSES THE MIND OF CHRIST TO US AS INDIVIDUALS
AND AS A GROUP.

Reports from Investigation Groups, as may be determined.

Discussion and Action.

7:00 - 8:45 P.M. Discussion:

1. To face our participation in the present corrupt practices of society.
 - (1) Does our sharing in injustice make it impossible for us to protest?
 - (2) Must we dissociate ourselves from all part in the system before we dare attack it?
 - (3) At what points can we now refuse to be a part of injustice?
 - (4) Is there need for a few people to pioneer in the field of personal protest and non-cooperation?
2. What constitutes a code of personal conduct adequate for the hour?
 - (1) Have we any clues in the lives of men such as Gandhi?
 - (2) Can we expect the larger social changes to come without some of the leaders taking advanced positions?
 - (3) Are we thus in danger of "losing our crowd"?
 - (4) What about equalizing salaries?
 - (5) Is there a maximum salary beyond which a man at the present time cannot go without jeopardizing his usefulness?
 - (6) What shall be the self-imposed discipline adequate to the demands of the hour?

8:45 - 9:45 - Final meeting of Investigation Groups.

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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13 - 8:30 A.M. - 12:15 P.M. Concluding Discussion and Final Action on Reports of Investigation Groups.

2:00 P.M. OBJECTIVE V: TO LAY PLANS FOR AN IMMEDIATE, AGGRESSIVE, AND MILITANT CRUSADE TO CARRY THIS GOSPEL INTO ACTION IN THE CHURCH AND IN SOCIETY.

Resource Men - William Clayton Bower, Paul Hutchinson,
C. M. Mc Connell, O. W. Auman.

Discussion led by Professor W. C. Bower - "Educational Reconstruction as a Basis for the Reconstruction of Society."

1. What can be done to organize for a national crusade?
 - (1) What channels of expression have we, or do we need to establish them?
 - (2) Shall we release some men for the express purpose of becoming evangelists in this new crusade?
 - (3) What types of program shall we undertake, such as special meetings, street-corner addresses, speaking campaigns, to colleges, publications and circulation of literature?
 - (4) What shall be the relation of this movement to the officials, organs, and institutions of the church?
2. What plans shall be made for further conferences of this sort on a regional basis?
 - (1) Shall we seek to make a conference available to several areas of the church?
 - (2) What means are available for this purpose?
 - (3) What immediate steps shall be taken?
 - (4) Wherein can we improve upon the present conference?
3. What needs to be done to affect our educational work toward these goals?
 - (1) What can our youth program do?
 - (2) How can we reach the laymen and make them a part of the determining factors as well as followers?
 - (3) What avenues are open to get this viewpoint before lay organizations?
 - (4) What should be done in the way of experiments in social study and procedure?
4. How shall we seek to relate this enterprise to the other churches, Protestant, Catholic, Jewish?

7:00 - 9:45 P.M. Continuation of discussion on Objective V.

THURSDAY, APRIL 14 - 8:30 A.M. - 12:15 P.M.

Continuation of discussion of PROGRAM OF ACTION

2:00 - 3:00 P.M. - Final Session of the Conference. Adjournment at 3:00 P.M.

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 Ponoronsky, Arthur - Falsehood in War Time

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Rubinow, J. M.	Social Insurance
Rauschenbush, Walter	Christianity and the Social Crisis
Saposs, David	Readings in Trade Unions
Spahr, A. E.	The Federal Reserve System
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" " "	Acquisitive Society
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 How America Lives
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 Our Vanishing Oil Resources
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 The Profit Motive
 Poor Old Competition

The Page and Eddy pamphlets:

Danger Zones of the Social Order
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 An Experiment in Industrial Democracy
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 High Power Propaganda
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The Shame of Pennsylvania (American Civil Liberties)
 The Freedom of the Air (Christian Century)
 Power Control (New Republic)
 Gastonia (Conference for Progressive Labor Action)
 The Book (Mundus Publishing Co., Montene, Ark. - 25¢)

THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

CORPORATE NAME
"GENERAL BOARD OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS"

347 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

Student Division
Committee of Spiritual Emphasis

19 South La Salle St.
Chicago, Illinois
April 9, 1932

Mr. Kirby Page
347 Madison Ave.
New York, N.Y.

Dear Kirby:

Your letter of March 23 was awaiting me on my return from the southern trip where I had a marvelous experience.

I am terribly sorry that there was any misunderstanding about the Bible study course, for we have counted on a study course by you that could be used very extensively. The arguments which you advance for not producing another Bible study course along the pattern of Hodgkin and Sharman are no more valid than for me to say that you are not justified in getting out another course on the "Life of Christ" because of Papini and hundreds of other volumes on that subject. The facts are that there are hundreds of students who have had these other courses, and my Committee and I were anxious for a real honest-to-goodness Bible study course that would expose students in the largest possible way to the Personality of Jesus by intensively studying the Records. But apparently this is not your conviction, and we shall have to try to become reconciled to the procedure that you are following, but I am frank to say that it is my belief that your book, as far as study groups are concerned, will be used by hundreds where otherwise it would have been used by thousands. You probably, however, have plans for using it in some other field.

I hope that at the Geneva Conference you can get something started that will stimulate some honest-to-goodness Bible study in the colleges of this area. As far as I can find out, there is practically no Bible study in a majority of the colleges.

Loyally yours,

AJE:M



April 11, 1932

My dear Mr. Guerrero:

Your important letter of February 25th is at hand. I remember very well indeed my experiences in Manila, and I am delighted to send you under separate cover some pamphlets in which you may be interested.

My wife and I remember with very great joy our stay in the Islands.

Cordially yours,

Mr. Angel C. Guerrero
Translating Division
Executive Bureau
Manila, P.I.

KP:M

Baylor University
Waco, Texas
Office of President

April 11, 1932

Honorable Kirby Page
52 Vanderbilt Avenue
New York, N.Y.

Dear Dr. Page:

For some reason several men in our denomination are attacking Baylor and me personally because we invited you to deliver our commencement address on June 1. These people of course are uninformed as to the facts and I am doing my best to inform them. They accuse you of being a "communist", an "atheist", and a "Red". I am explaining as best I can your position — that you are a minister in the Christian denomination and that as I see it you are doing all in your power to make the world a better place in which to live.

Since the attack has come, however, with such vigor I am wondering if you would be willing to make one of your great inspirational spiritual addresses rather than to go into a discussion of political and economic problems. Two of the attackers have stated that they will have court stenographers in the auditorium to take down every word that is said. If you are willing to make such an address as I have just suggested, these critics could find nothing for which to attack either you or Baylor University.

I will appreciate it if you will write me frankly in reply to this letter. Assuring you of my highest appreciation, I am,

Very sincerely,



W. S. Allen,
Acting President

WSA:CH